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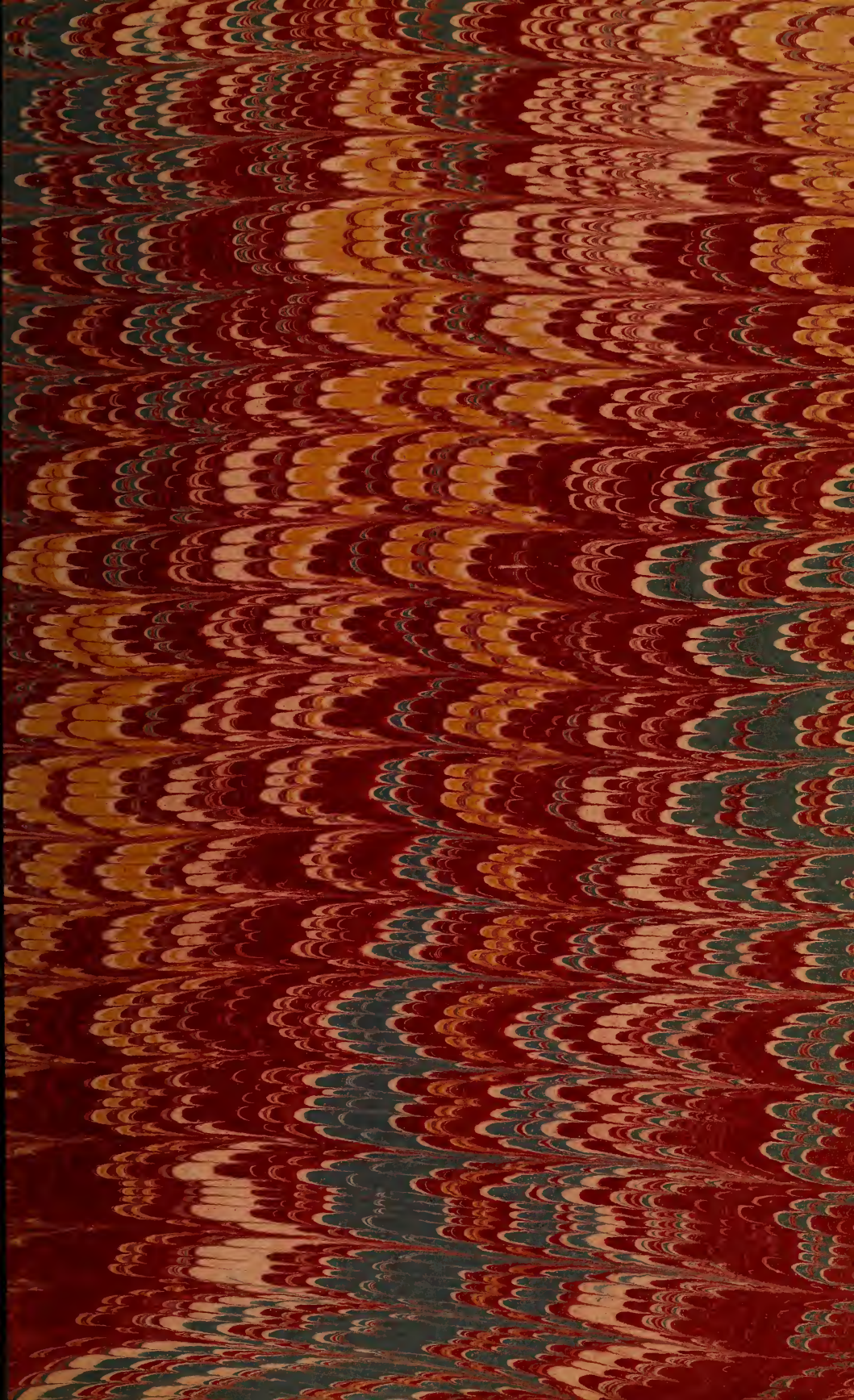

Mr. William Menzies
with compliments
T. S. Huffman

DIES IRÆ.

M. H. Bright

New York:

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1866.

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HSL.

"Mr. M. H. Bright sends us a new version of the famous old monkish song, the *Dies Iræ*, his aim being, he says, to render it literally, while he conforms at the same time to the trochaic measure of the original Latin."—From the *Round Table*, Oct. 27, 1866.

DIES IRÆ.

I.

Day of wrath, that day of burning,
All the world to ashes turning,
Seer and David speak concerning.

II.

What the terror then impending,
As the Judge is seen descending,
Justice strict for each portending!

III.

Lo, the trumpet's highest swelling
Pierces each sepulchral dwelling,
All before the throne compelling.

IV.

Death and Nature, too, with quaking,
See the dead from graves awaking,
To the Judge all answer making.

V.

Now is brought the book of writing,
Nothing of all ages slighting,
Record for the world's inditing.

VI.

When the Judge in judgment's seated,
All that's hidden shall be treated—
Vengeance full shall then be meted.

VII.

What shall I, in misery, render?
Who will then be my defender,
When the just thou'lt scarce remember?

VIII.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who didst free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, thou defend us!

IX.

Blessed Jesus, Saviour, take me;
Thou didst die thine own to make me;
Ne'er on that dread day forsake me.

X.

Weary, Lord, thou long hast sought me,
By thy precious blood hast bought me;
Vain be ne'er such service, wrought me.

XI.

Judge, avenging each condition
Of my sin give free remission;
Ere that day grant this petition.

XII.

Sinful, o'er my sins now groaning,
Guilt my crimsoned face now owning,
Spare, O God! thy suppliant, moaning!

XIII.

Who gavest Mary absolution,
Saved the thief from retribution,
Hope hast given me from confusion.

XIV.

Worthless all my prayers ascending,
Still thy goodness me attending,
Thou wilt save from flames unending.

XV.

With thy sheep, O give me station!
From the goats grant separation;
At thy right hand my salvation!

XVI.

Lo ! the cursed in dire affliction ;
Fiercest flames their ~~first~~ restriction : Just
Call me with thy benediction.

XVII.

Now in prayer before Thee yearning,
Contrite heart to ashes turning,
Be thy love my last discerning.

XVIII.

O, that day of days most tearful,
Man from ashes rising, fearful,
Makes to Thee his supplication :
Grant him, God, thy full salvation !

HUDSON, N. Y., October, 1866.

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